

José Carreras

Dr. Dunn



THE DUBLIN GRAND OPERA SOCIETY
presents

JOSE CARRERAS

Tenor

in

The William O'Kelly Memorial Recital

with

EDUARDO MÜLLER

Accompanist

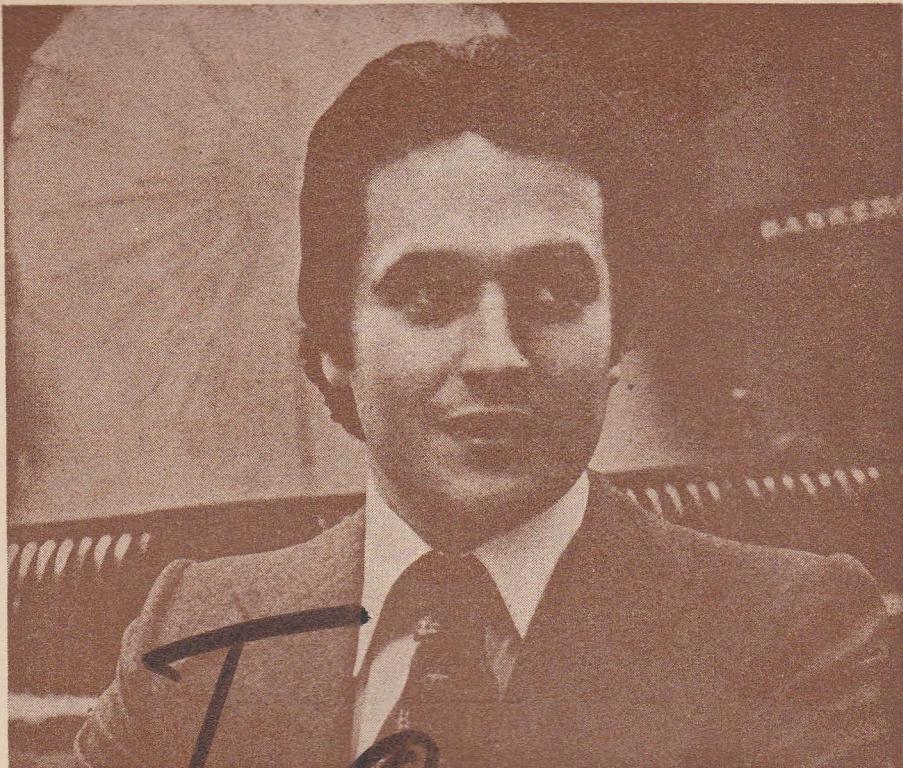
at

The R.D.S. Concert Hall, Dublin

on

Monday, 29th September, 1980

at 8 p.m.



J. Carreras
José Carreras

NOT MANY SINGERS can have made their operatic debut in an international house at the age of eleven, but this was the case with José Carreras. It was no small undertaking, moreover, for he sang the role of El Trujimán, the boy narrator in Falla's *El retablo de Maese Pedro*, whose music is so difficult that it's more frequently entrusted to a high mezzo. This debut took place at the Liceo in young José's native Barcelona, the largest opera house in Europe, with Jose Iturbi conducting.

Boy sopranos, of course, are likely to end up as bank clerks or even music critics, so there was no guarantee that there would be an adult Carreras career. In this instance, however, there was unusual power in the juvenile will. At the tender age of six he was taken to see *The Great Caruso*, and as soon as he returned home from the cinema he started marching round the house singing arias. While most kids indulge in fantasies of this nature, only in the rarest cases do such fantasies become reality. Carreras was the fortunate exception which proves the rule: his debut as a boy soprano at eleven was followed by his tenor debut in the same opera house in 1969 at the age of twenty-two. In between he had been encouraged by his mother to take up music seriously, first studying the piano and then, when at 18 he appeared to be developing a good tenor voice, operatic singing.

In his Liceo debut season of 1969-70, he sang the tiny part of Flavio in Caballé's first *Norma*. Usually one scarcely notices a Flavio, but this one was different: a few bars of heightened recitative, which is all the poor devil has, were sufficient to reveal a seductive voice of liquid tone reminiscent of the young di Stefano. Already there was no doubt that a new star was waiting on the launching-pad for the right opportunity. This came during the 1971-72 season at the Liceo, when Caballé chose him for her leading tenor in *Lucrezia*

Borgia. Carreras always stresses the debt he owes to this diva, who was also born in Barcelona, for it was her confidence in him which gave him confidence, and status too. He found another champion in the impresario Denny Dayviss, who brought him to London in 1971 to sing in her all-star *Maria Stuarda* at the Royal Festival Hall with Caballé and Verrett as the rival queens. She subsequently invited him to sing in concert performances of *Mefistofele*, *Caterina Cornaro* and *Adriana Lecouvreur*, so he was already an established favourite with London audiences before Covent Garden gave him Alfredo in the 1974 *Traviata*, then Pinkerton, Nemorino — *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Rodolfo — *La Bohème*, Cavaradossi, Don Carlo, Riccardo — *Ballo In Maschera*, Oronte — *I Lombardi & Rodolfo* — *Luisa Miller*. Next month he will be returning there with Katia Ricciarelli for *Lucia Di Lammermoor*.

It was not only London, of course, which was quick to snap up Carreras as the outstanding tenor of his age group: La Scala, the Metropolitan and other leading opera houses throughout the world literally fight one another to engage him—and he is still only thirty-three. He is the stuff of which operatic idols are made, a singer blessed with as beautiful a lyrical voice as you will hear anywhere in the world today, a highly-polished stylist and a most attractive stage personality.

A prolific recording artist, apart from a number of recital albums his complete opera recordings to date include *Un Giorno Di Regno*, *Il Corsaro*, *I Due Foscari*, *La Battaglia Di Legnano*, *Macbeth*, *Don Carlo*, *Tosca*, *Turandot*, *Elisabetta Regina D'Inghilterra*, Rossini's *Otello*, *La Bohème*, *Cavalleria Rusticana/Pagliacci* and more recently *Aida* with Freni and Von Karajan.



Eduardo Müller
Eduardo Müller

Eduardo Müller was born in 1938 in Trieste. He studied in Milan with the most eminent musicians to acquire his mastery of the art of accompaniment and the skills and techniques of orchestral conducting.

He has accompanied such distinguished artists as Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi and Elena Obraztsova in many Italian cities. He has appeared with them throughout Europe, extending from London to Moscow.

His career as a conductor dates from the 1973 Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. He is a regular conductor at La Scala. His work is held in high regard in the major Italian opera houses. Recently he conducted *Werther* in Turin with Carreras in the title role. He has also made a record with Carreras for release in the coming winter. His American debut took place last season in San Diego where he was responsible for the first performance of Verdi's *Giovanna D'Arco* heard on the West Coast of that continent.

Recital Programme

Three Classical Arias

GIÀ IL SOLE DAL GANGE	SCARLATTI
O CESSATE DI PIAGARMI	
OMBRA MAI FU	HANDEL

Two Ariette and Aria with Recitative

DOLENTE IMMAGINE DI FILLE MIA	BELLINI
VAGA LUNA CHE INARGENTI	
DEH TU BELL' ANIMA	

Song and Aria with Recitative

L'ESULE	ROSSINI
QUELL' ALME PUPILLE	
INTERVAL	

Aria

CHE GELIDA MANINA	PUCCINI
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Aria

LA FLEUR QUE TU M'AVAIS JETÉE	BIZET
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Four Songs

IDEALE	TOSTI
NON T'AMO PIÙ	
SEGRETTO	
APRILE	

Two Arias

TESTA ADORATA	LEONCAVALLO
TU SOLA A ME RIMANI	

Three Classical Arias

GIA IL SOLE DAL GANGE

Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)

Alessandro Scarlatti, the most eminent Italian composer of his day, was also director of the Conservatorio at Naples. His pupils included Durante, Hasse and Leo. Scarlatti wrote one hundred and fourteen operas, a large amount of Church music and hundreds of songs and cantatas. His influence extended to Mozart, born thirty-one years after his death. In Doctor Burney's opinion, "This master's genius was truly creative, and I find part of his property among the stolen goods of all the best composers of the first forty or fifty years of the present (the Eighteenth) Century." The Canzonetta "Già Il Sole Dal Gange" tells in vigorous terms of the dethroning of night by the glory of the sun.

Già il sole dal Gange
più chiaro sfavilla,
e tergo ogni stilla
dell'alba che piange, ecc.
Col raggio dorato
ingemma ogni stelo,
e gli astri del cielo
dipinge nel prato, ecc.

Already the sun sparkles
more clearly from the Ganges,
and wipes away every tear
from the weeping dawn, etc.
He adorns every stem
with a golden ray,
and paints the stars of the sky
in the field, etc.

O CESSATE DI PIAGARME (from *Il Pompeo*)

"*Il Pompeo*" first produced in Rome January 1683 was probably Scarlatti's first attempt at "opera seria" in the grand manner. The libretto was written by Count Niccolò Minato who held the splendid title of Caesarean poet at the Austrian Court from 1669 to 1698.

O cessate di piagarmi
O lasciatemi morir,
Luci ingrate, — dispietate,
più del gelo e più dei marmi
 fredde e sordi ai miei martir.

Send no more your darts to wound me,
Rather abandon me to die,
Eyes remorseless, uncompassionate,
More than ice and more than marble
Cold and heedless of my grief.

OMBRA MAI FU (from *Serse*)

Georg Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)

In 1728 the unprecedented success of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" drove Handel's enterprise at the Haymarket Theatre into temporary bankruptcy. "*Serse*" was produced ten years later. The text was by Niccolò Minato, who was also the librettist of Scarlatti's "*Il Pompeo*." Both libretti had been set to music by Cavalli, "*Serse*" in 1654 and "*Il Pompeo*" in 1666.

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplende il fato.
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
non v' oltraggino mai la cara pace,
nè giungo a profanarvi austro rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile
soave più.

Verdant branches, so graceful,
Of the plane tree that I cherish,
Be yours a glorious destiny.
Thunder, lightning, mighty tempest,
Cannot ever disturb your noble peace,
Nor can the violent south wind do you
injury.
No leafy shade
Falling from branch or bus
Ever was more benign,
More sweet and cool.

Please do not turn the page until the aria is finished.

Two Ariette

DOLENTE IMMAGINE DI FILLE MIA

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Bellini published a set of "Tre Ariette per Camera" in 1824. They are included in Ricordi's volume of Bellini's Chamber Compositions for Voice and Piano, together with other Romanzas, Ballatas and Airs. The text of "Dolente immagine di Fille mia" is possibly a poem by Giulio Genino, tutor to Maddalena Fumaroli whom Bellini fell in love with while he was a student at Naples University. "Vaga Luna Che Inargenti" is dedicated to Giulietta Pezzi.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
Perchè sì squallida mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri? Diroppo pianto
Io sul tuo cenere versai finor.
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
Io posso accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace:
E inestinguibile l'antico amor.

Oh sorrowing vision of my Phillida,
Why are you so pale and wan, seated beside
me?
What would you have of me? Tears in
abundance
Upon your sepulchre already I've shed.
You fear that, mindless of our solemn
promises,
I might take fire again with love for
another?
Spirit of Phillida, let peace be upon you:
For all eternity the old love burns bright.

VAGA LUNA CHE INARGENTI

Vaga luna che inargentì
queste rive e questi fior'
ed insiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell' amor.
Testimonia or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.
Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir;
che se nutro una speranza
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell' amor.

Radiant moon, lining with silver
these embankments and these flowers,
making everything in nature
speak with love's enchanted tongue.
You are there alone as witness
of an ardent lover's plaint,
and to her who holds my affections
you can bear my fears and sighs.
Tell her then that while we are parted
never can my grief be assuaged,
that the only wish I cherish
rests on what the future holds.
Tell her then that morn and evening
I mark every anxious hour,
that one lively hope inspires me
and sustains me in my love.

Aria with Recitative

DEH ! TU, BELL' ANIMA (from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*)

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Bellini's opera based on Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was produced in Venice on 11 March, 1830. An opera "Giulietta e Romeo" by his master Zingarelli had been produced at La Scala in 1796 and was still popular, and Bellini's librettist, Felice Romani, had already supplied Nicola Vaccai with the text of his most successful opera, "Giulietta e Romeo," which had been produced in 1825. Bellini obtained the consent of both composers before writing his own opera, which then effectively replaced the others in the repertoire. The Italian audience, however, preferred Vaccai's final scene to Bellini's, and it became customary to give Bellini's opera with Vaccai's Tomb Scene. In both operas Juliet awakens before Romeo dies. Bellini came to London in May, 1833 to produce "Norma" (23 June) and "I Capuleti" (20 July) at His Majesty's Theatre, and on that occasion "I Capuleti" was the more successful work.

Ecco la tomba . . .
Ancor di fiori sparsa . . .
Molle di pianto ancor. Il mio ricevi
Più doloroso e amaro; altro fra poco,
Maggior del pianto, altro olocausto avrai.

Behold the tomb,
Scattered flowers yet upon it,
Moist from the tears lately shed. Now take
my own,
More sorrowing still and bitter, and in a
moment,
More than my weeping, a new sacrifice
you will have.

O del sepolcro
Profonda oscurità, cedi un istante,
Cedi al lume del giorno, e mi rivela
Per poco la tua preda.
L'urna mi aprite voi . . . Ch'io la riveda!

Giulietta! . . . O mia Giulietta!
Sei tu! . . . ti veggio! . . . io ti ritrovo
ancora!
Morta non sei . . . dorma soltanto e aspetti
Che ti destà Romeo. Sorgi, mio bene,
Al suon de'miei sospiri;
Ti chiama il tuo Romeo.
—Per pochi instanti me qui lasciate;
arcani ha il duol che debbe
solo alla tomba confida.

Tu sola, o mia Giulietta,
M'odi tu sola. Ah, vana speme . . . è sorda
La fredda salma di mia voce al suono.
Deserto in terra, abbandonato io sono.

Deh! tu, bell' anima,
Che al cielo ascendi,
A me rivolgiti.
Con te mi prendi;
Così scordarmi,
Così lasciarmi,
Non puoi, bell' anima,
Nel mio dolor.

Oh, let the darkness
That reigns over this tomb give way a
moment,
Give way to the light of day, and show
me clearly
A little while its plunder.
Open the tomb for me; let me again see her.

Juliet, oh my Juliet!
It is you! I see you! I meet you once again!

You are not dead, you only sleep and wait
Till Romeo awakens you. Rise, my beloved,
In answer to my sighing;
Romeo it is who calls you.
—For a few moments leave me alone here;
My sorrow has its secrets,
Only the tomb must be told them.

You alone, oh my Juliet,
You alone hear me. Ah, all is useless. Quite
deaf
Is this cold body to the sound of my voice,
I am left on earth forsaken and alone.

Oh pray, beloved soul,
Mounting toward Heaven,
Turn once to where I stand,
Then take me with you.
Thus to forget me,
You would not choose, my love,
In my distress.

Song and Aria with Recitative

L'ESULE

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

This song was written by Giuseppe Torre and published in Volume III of Pêches de Vieillesse — a miscellaneous collection of compositions belonging to Rossini's later years — "The Sins of Old Age" as he referred to them.

Qui sempre ride il cielo,
qui verde ognor la fronda,
qui del ruscello l'onda,
dolce mi scorre al pie';
ma questo suol non è la patria mia.
Qui nell'azzuro flutto
sempre si specchia il sole:
i gigli e le viole
crescono intorno a me;
ma questo suol non è la patria mia.
Le vergini son vaghe
come le fresche rose
che al loro crin compose
amor pugno dife';
ma questo suol non è la patria mia.
Nell'Itale contrade
è una città Regina;
la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il pie'.
La ravvisate, ell'è la patria mia,
La patria mia, la patria mia ell'è.

Here the sky always smiles
Here the branch is always green.
Here the sweet wave of the stream
runs at my feet.
But this soil is not my country.
Here the sun is always shining
on the blue sea,
Lilies and violets
are growing around me.
But this soil is not my country.
The virgins are as beautiful
as the fresh roses
that love put around their hair
as a pledge of faith,
But this soil is not my country.
Ligure Marina
is a Queen city
in the Italian region
always bathed by the sea.
Tell her that she is my country,
My country, my country is she.

Please do not turn the page until the song is finished.

QUELL' ALME PUPILLE (from *La Pietra del Paragone*)

"*La Pietra del Paragone*", Rossini's sixth opera with libretto by Luigi Romanelli was produced at *La Scala*, Milan on 26 September, 1812. According to Stendhal "This opera created at *La Scala* a period of enthusiasm and of joy. Crowds hastened to Milan from Parma, Piacenza, Bergamo, Brescia and all the towns within a radius of twenty leagues. Rossini was the first citizen of the land. Everyone was eager to see him. Love took it upon herself to reward him . . ."

As the storm gives way to clear moonlight, the poet Giocondo sings of his unrequited love for Clarice.

Oh come il fosco impetuoso nembo
Ci separò! . . . Clarice, il Conte invano
Chiamai sovente, e più l'altrui mi calse,

Che il mio periglio . . . Or tutto è calma,
e solo
Regna nel petto mio tempesta eterna.
La mia tiranna io mi figuro in braccio

All'Amico rival . . . sparsa le chiome . . .
Pallida . . . ansante . . . e lui veder mi
sembra,
Che al sen la stringe . . . la conforta . . . e
pasce
L'avidio ciglio in quella.

Fatta dal pianto, e dal timor più bella.

Quell'alme pupille
Io serbo nel seno.
Ma un guardo sereno
Non hanno per me.
Deh! Amor, se merita
Da te mercede
La sempre candida
Mia lunga fede,
Fa, ch'io dimentichi
Si gran beltrà.
Tu fosti origine
Del mio dolor:
Tu l'opra barbara
Correggi, Amor.

Oh, how the grim, impetuous storm
Separated us . . . Often and in vain I called
Clarice, the Count; and I was more
concerned
About the other's danger than my own . . .

Now all is calm,
And only in my bosom reigns an eternal
storm.

I imagine my female tyrant in the arms
Of my friend and rival . . . her hair
undone . . .

Pale . . . panting . . . and I seem to see him
Press her to his breast . . . console her . . . and
His greedy eyes feed on her,
Made more beautiful by her weeping and
her fear.

Those divine eyes
I keep in my heart;
But they do not have
A sweet gaze for me.
Ah, Love, if my prolonged
And always innocent trust
Deserves your mercy
Then make me forget
Such great beauty.
You were the source
Of my sorrow:
You, Love, correct
Your cruel deed.

INTERVAL

Aria

CHE GELIDA MANINA (from *La Bohème*)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Rodolpho the poet, finishes an article in his garret on Christmas Eve, and is interrupted by an unexpected visitor, the seamstress Mimi, whose candle has blown out on the stairs. Instantly, love kindles and in her confusion Mimi drops her door key. Rodolpho bends down to help find it, meanwhile snuffing out his own candle; his hand meets hers and . . .

Che gelida manina,
se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna
è una notte di luna
e qui la luna
l'abbiamo vicina.

What a frozen little hand,
let me warm it again.
What's the use of looking?
We can't find anything in the dark.
But fortunately
it's a moonlight night,
and very soon
the moon will shine in here.

Aspetti, signorina,
le dirò con due parole
chi son, e che faccio,
come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E' come vivo? Vivo.
In povertà mia lieta
scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere
e per castelli in aria,
l'anima ho milionario.
Talor dal mio forziere

ruban tutti i gioielli
due ladri: gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei
tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accorda,
poichè, poichè v'ha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
parlate voi, deh! parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir?

Wait, pretty maiden,
and I'll tell you briefly
who I am, what I do
and how I live. May I?
Who am I? I'm a poet;
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live!
In my happy poverty
I'm as prodigal as a lord
with my rhymes and love-songs.
In dreams, fantasies
or castles in the air
I'm as rich as a millionaire.
Sometimes the strongroom of my
imagination
is robbed of all its treasures
by two thieves: beautiful eyes.
They came in with you just now,
and all my accustomed dreams,
all my beautiful dreams
melted away at once!
But I'm not distressed at this robbery,
because they have been replaced
by hope!
Now that you know all about me,
won't you please tell me who you are?
Please will you say?

Aria

LA FLEUR QUE TU M'AVAIS JETÉE (from *Carmen*)

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Taunted to the limits of endurance, Don José compels Carmen to hear his proof of his love for her—a love that will lead both to destruction.

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée,
dans ma prison m'était restée;
flétrie et sèche, cette fleur
gardait toujours sa douce odeur,
et pendant des heures entières,
sur mes yeux, fermant mes paupières,
de cette odeur je m'enivrais;
et dans le nuit je te voyais!

Je me prenais à te maudire,
à te détester, à me dire:
Pourquoi faut-il que le destin
l'ait mise là, sur mon chemin!
Puis je m'accusais de blasphème,
et je ne sentais en moi-même,
je ne sentais qu'un seul désir, un seul espoir:
te revoir, oh Carmen, oui, te revoir!

Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître,
qu'à jeter un regard sur moi,
pour tempérer de tout mon être,
oh ma Carmen!
Et j'étais une chose à toi!
Carmen, je t'aime!

The flower which you threw me
stayed with me while I was in prison;
withered and dried up, that flower
still retained its sweet perfume,
and for hours on end,
with my eyes closed,
I would drink in its intoxicating perfume,
and I would see your face in the darkness.

I found myself cursing you,
hating you, saying to myself:
Why did fate have to
throw her in my path!
Then I would accuse myself of blasphemy,
and felt within myself
one desire only, one hope alone:
to see you again, Carmen, yes, to see you
again!

For you only had to appear,
you only had to glance at me,
to take possession of me completely,
oh my Carmen!
And I was yours!
Carmen, I love you!

Please do not turn the page until the aria is finished.

Four Songs

IDEALE (Carmelio Errico)

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Francesco Paolo Tosti was born in 1846 at Ortona sul Mare. He studied in Naples and became an assistant to Mercadante as a teacher of composition. He wrote songs, but found difficulty in publishing them until Sgambati recognised his talent and organised a concert for him: Princess Margherita di Savoia, the future Queen of Italy, was present and at once appointed Tosti to be her teacher of singing. Tosti first came to London in 1875. He was well received and became teacher of singing to the Royal Family. He wrote songs to Italian, French and English texts.

Io ti seguii com' iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo;
Io ti seguii come un' amica face
De la notte nel velo.

E ti sentti ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce
In qual giorno scordai.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora;
E a me risplenderà nel tuo sembiante
Una novell' aurora.

NON T'AMO PIÙ

Ricordi ancora il di che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?
Folle d'amor io ti seguii, ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai, felice, di carezze e baci,
Una catena dileguante in ciel:
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci,
Perché l'anima tua fatta è di gel.

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso,
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso;
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme,
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier:
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme;
Tu della mente l'unico pensier.

Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire,
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso,
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso;
Sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

I followed you, as tranquil as a rainbow
Crossing the paths of heaven;
I followed you as if you were a star-beam
In the mist of the evening.

And I heard you in the daylight, in the
open,
In the fragrance of flowers;
And the whole of that lonely room was
redolent
Of you, and of your beauty.

By your enraptured, hearing your voice, I
listened
And was lost in a dream;
And all the cares of the world, all its trials
On that day were forgotten.

Come then, light of my soul, come then
once more
To be smiling upon me;
And I shall see resplendant in your features
Light of another day-dawn.

Do you recall the day we met each other,
And what you promised, do you still recall?
Madly in love I followed you, we both
loved.

And by your side I dreamed, madly in love.

I dreamed, delighted, of endearments, kisses,
Linked as a chain that vanished into
Heaven:
Alas, your words to me were all misleading,
Because the soul in you is made of ice.

And now my faith, my immeasurable
longing,
My dream of love can be no more for you:
No more do I want to kiss you, or think
about you;
Another dream I have, you I love no more.

In those sweet days that we enjoyed
together,
I strewed with many flowers the path you
trod:
You were the one and only hope I
cherished,
The one and only object of my thoughts.

You saw me humbly beg, grow pale with
sorrow,
Weeping you saw me, there in front of you:
To satisfy the slightest of your wishes
I would have given my life-blood and my
faith.

And now my faith, my immeasurable
longing,
My dream of love can be no more for you;
No more do I want to kiss you, or think
about you;
Another dream I have, you I love no more.

SEGRETO

Ho una ferita in cor che gitta sangue,
che a poco a poco mi farà morir.
Trafitta dal dolor l'anima langue;
Amo e il segreto mio non posso dir.
Bello come la luce a me daccanto
il segreto amor mio veggio talor.
Ei passa e sento in me come uno schianto,
un impeto di gioia e di dolor.
Dal primo giorno non ho mai sperato,
il segreto fatale ho chiuso in me,
ed ella non saprà d'esser amata.
Mi vedrà a morta e non saprà perchè.
Seppur la veggio, aprir vorrei le braccia,
dirgli che l'amo e che il mio cor gli do.
Vorrei fissarla arditamente in faccia,
ma il cor mi trema.

APRILE (Theo Marzials)

Non senti tu nel'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu nel'anima
il suon di nuova voce lusinghiera?

E l'Aprile, è l'Aprile!
E la stagion d'amore
Deh, vieni, o mia gentil
su prati 'n fiore!

Il pie trarrai fra mammole
avrai su 'l petto rose e cilestrine

e le farfalle candide
t'alleggeranno intorno al nero crine.

I have a wounded heart that spurts blood,
that little by little is killing me.
The soul languishes pierced by sorrow;
I love and my secret I may not tell.
Beautiful as the light near me
my secret love I sometimes see.
She passes and I feel in me a pang,
an impulse of joy and of sorrow.
From the first day I have never hoped,
I have locked in me the fatal secret
and she will never know she was loved.
She will see me dead and not know why.
Should I see her I would like to open my
arms,
tell her that I love her and that my heart
I give to her.
I wish to stare boldly in her face,
but my heart is afraid.

'Tis April-tide, sweet April;
The fresh bright air is full of gentle voices,
And, darling, in our heart of hearts
The old, dear love awakens and rejoices.

'Tis April-tide, sweet April;
Sweet April made for lovers
Oh come, love, side by side
Where lilac covers.

Your feet shall walk on violets,
Your hands shall hold the sweetest of all
posies;
High up in air the butterflies
Shall hail you Queen of all the year's new
roses.

Two Arias

TESTA ADORATA (from *La Bohème*)

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1916)

Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" had its premiere in Venice on 5 May, 1897, fifteen months after Puccini's opera, and while more powerful in dramatic treatment and not without its impressive moments, it was destined to be eclipsed by his rival's more inspired and incomparably more poetic work. Yet it is interesting to note that at its first performance Leoncavallo's work had a considerably greater success than Puccini's at Turin. Leoncavallo made Marcello and Musetta into the leading characters of his opera—and his Marcello is a tenor. In the aria "Testa adorata", which brings the third act to a close, Marcello reaffirms his love for Musetta and laments on his loneliness as she has now left him.

Musetta! O gioja della mia dimora!
E dunque ver che lungi ora sei tu? !
E dunque ver che t'ho scacciata or ora!
E che sul cor non ti terrò mai più?
Testa adorata, più non tornerai

Lieto sul mio guanciale a riposar!
Bianche manine ch'io sul cor scaldai

Più il labro mio non vipotrà baciar!
Gaie canzoni de' giorni d'amore
La vostra eco lontana già fuggi.
La stanza è muta e il vedovo mio cor
Piange nel tedio quei perduti di . . .

Musetta! O joy of my dwelling!
How far away are you now? !
Now that I have exiled you
And shall have you in my heart no more.
My beloved mistress, you will never again
return

To rest happily on my pillow.
Your little white hands I can no longer
warm on my heart,
My lips never to kiss you again!
Carefree songs from our days of love
Your distant echo has already deserted.
My verses are silent and my widowed heart
Weeps in heavy emptiness for my loss . . .

Please do not turn the page until the aria is finished.

TU SOLA A ME RIMANI (from Act II of "Chatterton")

Although it was the first opera to have been composed by Leoncavallo it was not produced until 1896—four years after "Pagliacci". Like all his operas the libretto was written by the composer. Thomas Chatterton, a poet, who lives in disguise at the home of a wealthy book-binder outside London in the 1770s and is in love with the wife of his employer, realises he can no longer lead a life of anonymity in the house of his beloved.

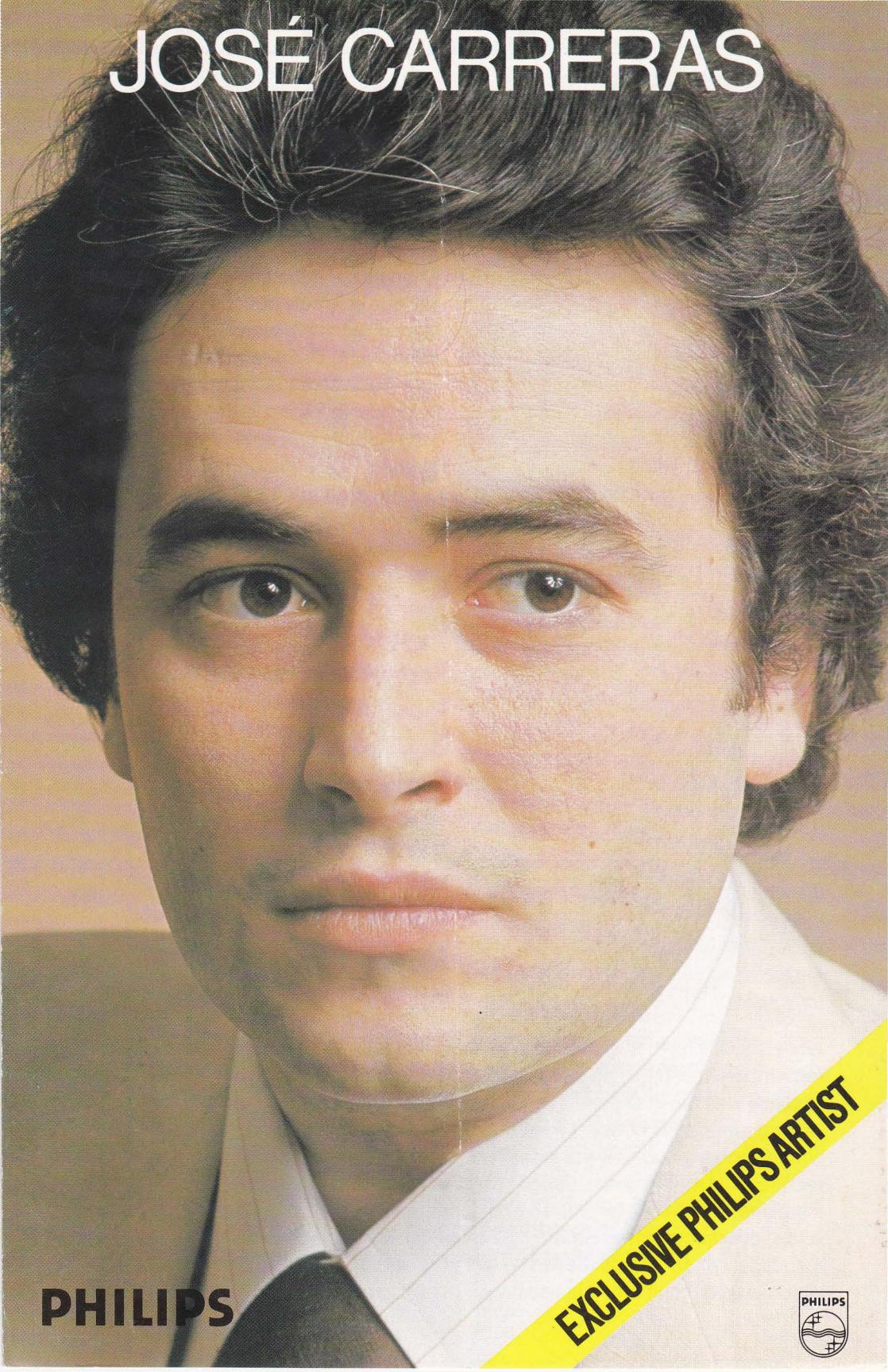
Non saria meglio di troncar
codesta abbieta vita di duol?
Che più mi resta!
Tu sola a me rimani, o Poesia.
veste di Nesso ch'io non so strappar.
Quel po' che resta della vita mia,
sino il rantolo estremo ti vo' dar!
L'ultimo canto de la mente stanca
o dea severa, a te sen volerà,
e canterò codesta neve bianca
come il sudario che m'avvolgerà!

Wouldn't it be better to cut off
this despicable life of sorrow?
What's left for me!
You alone remain, O Poetry,
garment of Nessus that I cannot remove.
That little remaining of my life,
until the final breath, I give to you.
The last song of a weary mind,
O harsh goddess, will fly to you,
and I will sing to this white snow
as to the shroud that envelops me!

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JOSÉ CARRERAS



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JOSÉ CARRERAS

TALKS TO FRANK GRANVILLE BARKER

IN LONDON

I was one of those fortunate enough to be present at José Carreras's début at the Liceo in his native Barcelona in 1970 when he sang the tiny part of Flavio in Montserrat Caballé's first "Norma". Usually one scarcely notices a Flavio, but this one was different: a few bars of heightened recitative were sufficient to reveal a tenor with qualities reminiscent of the young Di Stefano, and it was not difficult to predict a golden future for him. He made an equally strong impression on Denny Dayviss, who brought him to London the following year to sing in her concert presentation of "Maria Stuarda" with Caballé and Shirley Verrett, subsequently inviting him over for "Mefistofele", "Caterina Cornaro" (as a last-minute replacement for the indisposed Giacomo Aragall), and "Adriana Lecouvreur". The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, took the hint and gave him Alfredo in 1974, Pinkerton the following season, and now the star role of Nemorino in their new production of "L'Elisir d'amore".

In several of his early appearances Carreras sang with Caballé, and he is always eager to stress the debt he owes her. She chose him for her leading tenor in "Lucrezia Borgia" during the 1971-72 season in Barcelona, giving him both confidence and status. "She did everything she could to help me," he enthuses, "and she remains the artist I have most enjoyed working with." Once she had launched him in Spain and taken him with her for his first appearances abroad, he quickly became established in his own right - engagements from New York, Milan, and Vienna following on one another's heels. Wherever he sings, however, he is wise enough to resist offers which might tempt him to stretch his voice too far too soon. "My voice is essentially a lyric one," he explains, "so at this stage of my career I am content to stick to the lyric repertoire. My operas are "Bohème", "Traviata", "Lucia", and, of course, "L'Elisir", with just a few performances each year of more dramatic operas like "Tosca" and "Ballo". Maybe in about eight or nine years I will sing Radamès and Andrea Chénier, but they are not for me at this stage."

What is amusing in this context is to learn that one of the first roles he remembers trying to sing was Otello - at the age of eight. When he was a boy of six he was taken to see "The Great Caruso" film, and the next day he started singing around the house. When the rest of the family went out he would make himself up as though for the stage, and sing arias he had heard on the radio or on records. His mother encouraged him to take up music seriously, first studying the piano, then when he was 18 and appeared to have a potentially good tenor voice, operatic singing. Before this, however, he had enjoyed a delirious taste of the stage: when he was eleven he sang the part of Trujaman - the role of a boy which is so difficult that it is usually entrusted to a soprano - in a production

of Falla's "El retablo de Maese Pedro" at the Liceo conducted by José Iturbi. He recalls with a gleam in his eye that he was paid for the performance. There cannot be many singers who have made débuts at a major opera house - in this case Europe's largest - both as boy soprano and fully fledged tenor.

Today Carreras spends most of his career in opera houses outside Spain, frequently partnering soprano Katia Ricciarelli with whom he has also given joint recitals. The summer months of 1976 find him in London for recordings, another activity in which he has been content to move slowly. His first venture, "La Pietra del paragone", was followed by "Thaïs" and "Un giorno di regno", and now he has completed several more ambitious recordings which will be released during the next year or so. He remains very much attached to Barcelona, however, taking particular pride in the number of outstanding singers this cosmopolitan city has produced, a line which continues from Supervia, through De los Angeles and Caballé to a new crop of singers. He has a special admiration for Giacomo Aragall, his senior by six years, whose voice he rates the most beautiful lyric tenor in the world today. They studied with the same teacher in Barcelona, and have remained the best of friends over the years, giving the lie to all those colourful myths about operatic rivalries. This is just what you would expect of an artist like Carreras, whose whole life is centred on singing for his own and his audiences' pleasure. He certainly takes his work seriously, but he always finds singing a pleasure - even when, as with "Caterina Cornaro" at London's Royal Festival Hall, he has had to learn a role in 36 hours. His confidence on that occasion was a clear indication that Carreras, though as modest as they come, is a singer with a perfect understanding of his worth and his capabilities. A dedicated professional, he should have no difficulty in staying the course.

FRANK GRANVILLE BARKER

(by courtesy of "Music and Musicians", London, December 1975.)

Carreras and Caballé pictured with conductor Gianfranco Masini during sessions for the first complete recording of Rossini's "Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra".



WHAT THE CRITICS SAY...

...in New York:

"Mr. Carreras is good news for any opera company. He is a good-looking young man, a dependable actor, and a tenor with a smooth, easy way of singing. He is a lyric tenor with plenty in reserve, dead center on pitch, youthful in timbre, firm in production. In short, he is a prize."

"New York Times" on "Lucia di Lammermoor", N.Y. City Opera,
August 1974.

"The reception from the subscription audience was excitingly and deservedly warm. Long applause followed Mr. Carreras's first aria, and the roar of approval after 'E lucevan le stelle' stopped the show for nearly a minute and a half."

"New York Times" on "Tosca", Metropolitan Opera, November 1974.

...in Salzburg:

"The sensation was José Carreras in the title role; for Salzburg this was the discovery of a versatile talent. The young singer, whose career on the great opera stages has only just begun, fulfilled the trust put in him by an achievement of the highest order."

"Salzburger Volksblatt" on "Don Carlos", Salzburg Festival, July 1976.

"Fantastic looks and an equally fantastic voice, with an intensity of expression of which the personal timbre and the sensual beauty alone characterise everything one can expect from the hot-headed lover Carlos."

"Wochenpresse" Vienna on "Don Carlos", Salzburg Festival, July 1976.

...in Milan:

"Here is a tenor, still young, who promises big things and who already offers splendid things... musicianship, eloquent phrasing, clear diction, and a communicative temperament."

"Oggi" on "Un ballo in maschera", La Scala, March 1975.

"When he ended 'Gelida manina', having caught the top note with the brilliance and sharpness of a knife, the public was not content to shout with enthusiasm, but started to embrace each other. The following day everyone was talking of the grand occasion and agreeing that 'finally we have found the tenor'."

"Corriere del Ticino" on "Un ballo in maschera", La Scala, February 1975.

JOSÉ CARRERAS



The Spanish tenor José Carreras made his début with the Barcelona opera company, and was immediately recognised as a major talent by his famous compatriot Montserrat Caballé. After winning the International Verdi Voice Competition in Italy, he appeared widely in Italy, Spain, and France before making his United States début with the New York City Opera in 1972. He has since appeared at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires, in Vienna, and in Germany and Japan. He is much in demand for opera and concert appearances, especially in the United States, where he made his Metropolitan début in 1974.

In addition José Carreras has become a celebrated recording artist, having taken part in several of Philips' "Early Verdi" opera recordings under Lamberto Gardelli, in the first complete recording of Rossini's "Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra", and in new productions of "Der Rosenkavalier", "Tosca", and "Lucia di Lammermoor". Writing about the recording of Verdi's "Il Corsaro" in June 1976, John Higgins of "The Times" observed that Carreras "has never given a better performance on record. The new weight and ring to the voice, noted during his recent London appearances, is well in evidence." Among these "recent London appearances" was a Covent Garden production of "La Bohème", after which Higgins wrote that Carreras's was "a highly romantic performance, vocally and dramatically, and one to challenge his predecessors." His view was shared by Alan Blyth in "Opera": "'Best since Björling' was my thought about José Carreras's Rodolfo. . . His tone is so fresh, forward, attractive, and individual, with a smoky timbre all its own, and is used with such easy ardour that any susceptible soul surely capitulates to it, and Carreras uses it at present with unstinting generosity."

FROM THE DISCOGRAPHY OF JOSÉ CARRERAS

ROSSINI

"Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra"

Montserrat Caballé, Valerie Masterson, Rosanne Creffield, Ugo Benelli, Neil Jenkins.

Ambrosian Singers (Chorus Master: John McCarthy)

London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gianfranco Masini
6703 067

VERDI

"Il Corsaro"

Montserrat Caballé, Jessye Norman, Alexander Oliver, Gian-Piero Mastromei, John Noble, Clifford Grant.

Ambrosian Singers (Chorus Master: John McCarthy)

New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Lamberto Gardelli
6700 098

VERDI

"Un giorno di regno"

Fiorenza Cossotto, Jessye Norman, Ingvar Wixell, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, Vincenzo Sardinero, William Elvin, Ricardo Cassinelli.

Ambrosian Singers (Chorus Master: John McCarthy)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lamberto Gardelli
6703 355

José Carreras sings arias by Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Ponchielli, and Verdi.

(Including several first recordings).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Roberto Benzi
9500 203

DONIZETTI

"Lucia di Lammermoor"

Montserrat Caballé, Ann Murray, Claes-H. Ahnsjö, Vincenzo Bello, Vincenzo Sardinero, Samuel Ramey.

Ambrosian Singers (Chorus Master: John McCarthy)

New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Jesus López-Cobos
6703 080

PUCCINI

"Tosca"

Montserrat Caballé, Ann Murray, William Elvin, Piero de Palma, Samuel Ramey, Domenico Trimarchi, Ingvar Wixell.

Orchestra and Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden conducted by Colin Davis
6700 108

R. STRAUSS

"Der Rosenkavalier"

Evelyn Lear, Frederica von Stade, Ruth Welting, Jules Bastin, Sophia van Sante, James Atherton, Derek Hammond Stroud.

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Edo de Waart
6707 030

VERDI

"I due Foscari"

Katja Ricciarelli, Elizabeth Connell, Vincenzo Bello, Mieczyslaw Antoniak, Piero Cappuccilli, Samuel Ramey, Franz Handlos.

Chorus and Orchestra of the Austrian Radio, Vienna conducted by Lamberto Gardelli
6700 105

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